

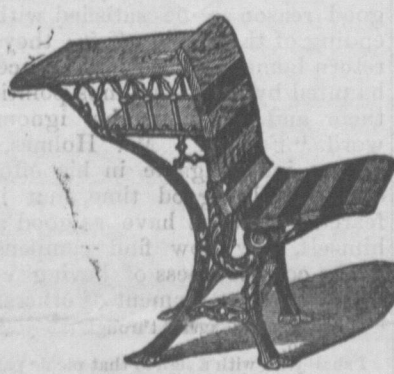
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New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

NUMBER 31.

POETRY.

Time to Me.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offended from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it!

Many a beautiful flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.

So, in many a loving breast,
Lies some canker-grief concealed,
That, if touched is more expressed,
Left unto itself—is healed.

Oh, unknowingly, the tongue
Tongues on a chord to singing,
That a word, or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Had been soothed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness!

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offended from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

STORY TELLER.

RENEE'S LOVE.

"Renée! Renée!"
The sweet French name floated out
from the open window of the cottage
and Renée Courtland came out from
the shadow of drooping trees, her
broad hat hanging loosely on her
shoulder where she had pushed it
back from her face while standing in
the shadow.

Margaret Gray's voice had roused
the girl from the dreams of Lester
Sinclair, the handsome blue-eyed
stranger visiting at the house that
nestled amid hidden trees in the
hollow below where the old-fashioned
cottage of the Grays stood.

She had been dreaming of his deep,
laughing eyes, his sunny, chestnut
curls, his gray, nonchalant manner
that always changed to tenderness
for her.

Whatever was the charm of Lester
Sinclair's manner, he had surely
won the first tender love of Renée
Courtland's girlish heart.

Years before, the father of Renée
Courtland had left her to the care
of Margaret Gray—fair, calm, Margaret
Gray—who had been his girl
love in their early youth, and who
had never married in memory of that
first love dream.

She scarcely knew herself what
had come between them, only it had
ended in bitter words and in a more
bitter parting, and then, in his pas-
sion, Charles Courtland had married
a pretty dark-eyed French girl—the
mother of Renée.

Years after, when his wife died, he
had come to his early love and asked
her to be his wife and a mother to
his child.

But with all her gentleness, Margaret
Gray was prouder than many
haughty women, and she gravely
answered him "No." Gently, al-
most sorrowfully, yet it still was
"No."

He made no second appeal, know-
ingly how useless it would be.

But when three years later death
called himself, he left his orphaned,
penniless child to the care of Mar-
garet Gray.

The child had grown up to a dark
slender maiden with great eyes and a
childlike smile to be the darling of
Margaret Gray's heart and the day-
star of Victor Gray's life.

Some distance down the road
Victor Gray stood leaning against a
tree, his face grave and thoughtful,
even beyond his wont.

He was not a handsome man, this
Victor Gray.

But there was something better
than beauty in his proud, dark face,
for manhood was stamped on his
broad brow. Courage, honor, and
truth gleamed in his eyes, and though
the great expression of his face was
stern, his smile could be as gentle as
a woman's, and this man loved pretty,
childish Renée with all the strength
of his heart, and she—well, she loved
Lester Sinclair.

He threw away his half-burned
cigar and turned towards the cottage,
his face still grave, stern.
Renée came to meet him.

"Oh, Victor, can't I go down to
Raymond's this evening? Kathie is
going to have a croquet match.
Margaret says no, but you—oh! I
Victor, may I go? You might come
with me, Victor. Kathie asked you."

He looked at the pretty, childish
face. "Yes, I will go, Renée," he
said.

Two hours later Renée came down,
looking like a wild rose in her pink
muslin robes, with clustering flowers
in her breast and hair.

They were rather early on the
croquet grounds, so Kathie and
Renée played a game by themselves.
Victor Gray watched Renée with
passionate, pitying eyes, knowing the
pain in store for her, which he had

been too cowardly, he thought bitterly,
to warn her of.

"I could not tell her," he said,
"and yet I wish I had."

He watched her eyes wander to
the gate.

She had thrown her hat aside and
the soft breeze lifted the short, dark
curls of her low brow and deepened
the rose tint on her cheeks.

He saw the red lips part in smiles
and the lovely dark eyes deepen, and
turning toward the gate he saw
Lester Sinclair coming up the path-
way a lady leaning on his arm.

The one look of Renée's face told
Victor that she never suspected the
truth.

Her faith like her lover was un-
wavering. She believed in Lester Sin-
clair as she did in her own royal love.

The lady on his arm was a delicate
little thing, with a certain kind of
beauty of the wax-doll order, with
big blue eyes, dainty features and
clustering flaxen hair.

They came forward to where Renée
stood.

"Clare," he said, "this is the
young lady I told you of, Miss Court-
land, Renée—Miss Courtland my
betrothed wife, Miss Duane."

"His betrothed wife?"

The words rang in Renée's ears,
that seemed to die away with a faint
moaning sound.

Remember, she was only seventeen
and childish for her age.

The bright young face grew pallid
as death and all the sweet light seem-
ed to fade from her eyes.

Victor strode to her side.

"Take me home, Victor. I—I
don't feel well! Please take me."

The words died away on her lips
and the next moment Victor held
her white and senseless in his arms.

A magnificent room, large, lofty,
and furnished with almost Oriental
splendor, from the velvet carpet, into
which the foot sank noiselessly, the
silken inlaid furniture, the wondrous
gems of art that adorned the walls,
the rare statues that filled every con-
ceivable nook, to the most minute
articles in the room.

At one of the windows a tall, slender
woman stood, holding back, with
slender, jewelled hand, the foam-
like draperies—a woman radiantly,
rarely beautiful, that even the casual
passer-by half paused with a look of
involuntary admiration on the face.

The low, white brow, the great,
dark eyes, the curving crimson lips,
and waving masses of blue-black hair,
made a picture almost perfect in its
rare loveliness.

And yet, it was not a satisfied face;
there was a look of past pain and
present longing, strangely mingled,
resting upon it. Where the expres-
sion lay you could hardly tell, only it
was there.

And this graceful woman, who
seemed born for the wealth that
surrounded her, was Renée Court-
land, who had laid six long years
before.

The change in her life had come
so suddenly, so unexpectedly. An
uncle of her father, who had never
spoken to him after his marriage with
the pretty French girl, had seen
Renée, and being childless, had
taken her all his wealth.

"Not for love," he said, "she is
too much like her Frenchified mother
for that, though there was something
of the Courtland about her as well
but simply because she was a Court-
land and nearest of kin."

But loyal Renée had never for-
gotten her old friends, for when in-
stately home, Margaret Gray—
with her, and every summer the little
cottage welcomed her fair young
again.

For weeks and months after
day she faded in Victor's arms
Renée had been the shadow of her
former self.

Pale and listless, it seemed as
hope would never reassert her
in the tender young heart, and Vic-
tor watched her, suffering almost
much in his own great love for her.

It seemed at times to Renée Cou-
rtland as if her heart must break, with
its passionate pain, but hearts do not
break easily at seventeen, and Renée
conquered her love then buried it
of sight forever, as time passed on,
it rose to confront her, she put it
with all the strength of her nature.

Then came the great change in
life, and smiles came back to the
beautiful face, though sometimes the
shadow of the old pain darkened it.

And four years later she met
Lester Sinclair again, handsome
if possible, than ever, with an air
gravity about him that became his
well.

He had laid his fair young wife
to rest in her grave, and was free again
Renée grew pale when she be-
heard it, paler still when he be-
over her hand and the past seemed
forgotten.

Even when he married the wealth-
heir, Clare Duane, Lester Sin-
clair knew that the little dark-eyed
girl held more of his heart than

would willingly acknowledge, and
not seeing her day after day, to revel
in her loveliness, the old love deep-
ened, till Renée Courtland held every
hope of happiness for him.

As time passed on, Victor Gray
noticed an added restlessness in Ren-
ée's eyes, that the weary look around
her mouth deepened and could scarce-
ly understand it.

He entered the room now, graver,
perhaps sterner than of old, and the
girl came forward to meet him.

"You are welcome, Victor," she
said, clasping his hand, "and Mar-
garet will be so very glad."

"You do not look happy this
evening, Renée," he said, his eyes on
her face.

The girl turned away with a quick,
impatient gesture.

"I am not happy," she said, "my
life has been one mistake."

"Which will be righted in time,"
he answered, quietly, though his face
paled slightly.

When Victor left her she went back
to her place by the window.

"Will happiness pass me by for-
ever?" she cried; is he blind, or is it
that he will not see?"

Only that morning Lester Sinclair
had stood before the girl, whom he
wronged in early girlhood, and plead-
ed for her love as a man might plead
for life itself.

Coldly, almost haughtily, she had
answered him—

"No. My love for you died years
ago; it could never come to life
again."

"Renée, Renée!" he cried, in a
passionate pain, and the girl knew
if she wished revenge on Lester Sinclair
most truly she had it now.

"My love died years ago," she re-
peated more gently, half pitying his
pain. "No, Lester, it can never be."

Victor Gray merely went up to
change his business suit and speak a
few words to his sister, and in less
than an hour he joined Renée again.

As he entered the room he saw she
had a portrait in her hand.
Scarcely conscious of what he was
doing, he went forward.

"How you love that man, Renée,"
he said bitterly.

The proud, dark face flushed.
"What man?" she asked, coldly.

"Pardon me, Renée, I was rude;
I scarcely knew what I said. You
are not angry, Renée?"

The girl was silent for a moment;
then she crossed over to him.

"If you mean Lester Sinclair," she
said, "you are wrong, Victor." This
morning he asked me to be his wife
and I refused him."

"You refused him! Why Re-
née?"

"I loved him no longer," she said.
Was Victor Gray blind?

Looking on the lovely flushed face,
listening to the tremulous voice could
he not understand?

The lovely dark eyes were raised
his face.

He bent to his stately head.
"Renée, my darling, you love
me?" he said.

The next moment he held her in
his arms and kissed the sweet red
lips.

"Say you love me, Renée. I have
loved you for years."

"You are afraid many of them,
naturally enough, would prefer nib-
bling the cheese, or munching the
apple, than to drinking in wisdom.

However, in this institution they
have pictures to answer such pur-
poses. Suppose a child is puzzled
with the word "farmer," a picture is
shown to him with honest John be-
hind the plough, and thus the teach-
er, using a few signs, cannot fail to
enlighten his class by such means.

Owing to the peculiarity of sound
of the German tongue, deaf-mutes
of that country readily become fluent
in articulation and lip-reading, hence
dactylography, pantomime, or the sign-
language, are omitted in the system
of deaf-mute instruction in Germany.

Although the German system may be
a good one, the guttural notes, so
easily detected in congenital mutes
who attempt articulation, is every-
thing but pleasant to the ears of the
cultivated and refined.

Science has made such great strides
that people should not be amazed to
observe deaf-mutes converse with
each other on the same footing with
themselves, namely, through the me-
dium of the tongue. What if they
were told the mammoth Deaf-Mute
Institution in New York, which ac-
commodates between 500 and 600 pup-
ils, has a boy deaf, dumb and arm-
less, and yet, who can carry on con-
versation with his fellow mutes as
well as if he were in possession of the
use of his arms, but how? Well, he
tosses about his head, and so on, and
his brethren in affliction can under-
stand his wants and feelings by these
simple means. Put a piece of crayon
up under his armpit and he will
write on the blackboard.

The bedrooms were a marvel of

The St. Dennis Street Deaf and Dumb Institution.

(C. W. Butt in the Montreal Herald.)

Recently the writer, together with
several American ladies, visited the
above institution, and, perhaps, it
will not be uninteresting to the pub-
lic to know what we saw there, also
some facts about deaf-mutes and
their different modes of instruction.

The above institution is situated on
an elevated and lovely spot, at No.
401 St. Dennis Street, and commands
a magnificent view of Montreal and
the surrounding neighborhood. It is
hardly conceivable to have chosen a
better locality for the establishing of
an institution away from the bustle
and turmoil of busy Montreal. The
proceeds of annual bazzars, public do-
nations and a small Government
grant, enables this institution to car-
ry on its good work.

As we looked down from a large
balcony in the rear of the building
upon their beautiful garden, full of
luxuriant fruit trees and vegetables,
we felt that this institution truly fur-
nishes the afflicted ones with the en-
joyments, comforts and conveniences
of a home, let alone the advantages
of a good education and sound moral
and religious training, which they
will obtain there. Alas! these mutes,
who, only a few years ago, were at
home leading a life of ignorance and
silent loneliness, unable to communi-
cate in a proper manner with those
who loved them dearly, but who
could obtain no access to their im-
prisoned minds to ameliorate their
sad condition, now rejoice to find
themselves, as it were, lifted out of
their then low state of ignorance into
one of intellectual light and happi-
ness.

We were informed there were 170
pupils and 25 nuns under the roof,
all being females, except a priest,
who officiates at the service. Indeed,
this institution is exclusively worked
for the sole benefit of female children
alone, no male pupils being admitted
under any circumstances whatever.

In the east end of the building are
the schoolrooms. English is taught
in one, French in the other. Their
system of instruction is admirably
adapted to imparting

knowledge to deaf-mutes.
The schoolrooms of this institution
are filled with blackboards, one for
each pupil, and before each board are
two desks, at which two pupils sit.

The walls are literally hidden from
view by pictures, which, we were in-
formed, were imported from Belgium,
in Europe. I believe this institution
is the only one in the Dominion pos-
sessed of such a rare collection for deaf-
mute instruction. When a child is
first admitted its mind is generally so
clouded that it is difficult to get it to
understand what the teacher desires
to impart. In some schools for deaf-
mutes, where they have no such pic-
tures, this difficulty is generally over-
come through the ingenuity of the
instructor, who, placing an apple or
a piece of cheese and so forth, before
the wondering student, by the com-
bined efforts of pantomimic dactylo-
graphy or articulation, at length
brings him to a knowledge of what
these articles are, how they are made,
etc., till the pupils know a great deal
of their history and usefulness. This
is a good method for beginners, but
the writer is afraid many of them,
naturally enough, would prefer nib-
bling the cheese, or munching the
apple, than to drinking in wisdom.

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simple means. Put a piece of crayon
up under his armpit and he will
write on the blackboard.

The bedrooms were a marvel of

neatness and cleanliness, all the bed
clothing having been manufactured
by the pupils. They have a spindle
room in which they turn out all man-
ner of wearing apparel. Many arti-
cles, such as raw silk stockings (they
possess several knitting machines)
shirts, etc., were shown, and we could
not but congratulate the pupils on their
excellent handiwork. They are also
taught embroidery, and are quite ex-
perts in it. We also inspected their
large wash-room. The drying of
clothes is on a plan somewhat like
that adopted by laundries. Some of
the tubs were so large that we won-
dered whether an enterprising Ameri-
can would deem it advantageous to
convert one into a formidable monitor
for the service of his country. In
one of the sleeping apartments was a
large bell, used to awaken the in-
mates. It is difficult to describe how
deaf-dumbness affects a person. How-
ever, the following lines will throw a
little light upon the subject:

"Deaf! not a murmur or a loving word
Can ever reach his ear. The raging sea,
The pealing thunder, and the cannon's roar
To him are silent—silent as the grave.

Not quite, for, ever, when God takes away
He gives in other shape. The tramp of feet,
The crash of falling things, the waves of sound
Strike on a deaf man's feelings with a force
To us unknown. Vibrations of the air
Play through his frame, and sympathetic nerves
Like fine-string instruments of varied tone."

Before we left, a score or more of
little ones (among whom we noticed
a mulatto and an Indian girl) came
into the reception room, where we
were. They were all life and anima-
tion, full of fun and play, and we
did not fail to trace in their intelli-
gent countenances emotions of grati-
tude and joy at seeing us. They
were particularly fond of some cana-
ries in a cage near the window, and
two bright-eyed little ones caused us
no little amusement by the way they
made repeated low courtesies. As a
general rule, we were told, the pup-
ils are very affectionate and intelli-
gent, and it took little trouble in
controlling them, as it is altogether
through kindness that they are gov-
erned. We had ample opportunity
to notice how fond the nuns were of
their charges, and the children also
evinced no fear or awe of them.

When they complete their education
they are returned to the parental
roof, while those of them who are
orphans, remain at the institution for
the rest of their natural lives—

"Waiting, waiting patiently,
Waiting for the hand of Death
To burst the prison door;
Waiting for the angels
To bring their spirits home,
To our Father's house in heaven,
Where there are no deaf and dumb."

It is very encouraging the world
over, to those engaged in the instruc-
tion and well-being of deaf-mutes to
know that, however ignorant the
mute may be before instruction,
Christian love has found a way to
ameliorate his condition, that he can
be raised to the enjoyment of both
intellect and pure religion, and that
his dormant conscience can be awak-
ed by the spirit and the word of God.

In concluding, the writer cannot
but add:

God bless the generous men, who give
The needed contributions,
And all who take an interest in
Those noble institutions.—S. M.

C. W. BUTT.

The Islands of Lake Erie and the
Cave at Put-in-Bay.

HOW MR. ED. VAN DAMME, OF DET-
ROIT, AND MR. H. M. KERR,
ARTIST, OF JACKSON, ENJOYED
THEMSELVES.

The popularity of the Excursion
to Put-in-Bay on the beautiful Steam-
er "Alaska" seems to renew, with
each rolling year, and only to gather
strength with each season. The
party whose eyes ever rested on the
islands and the calm waters which
course through the strait which gives
Detroit its poetic name are held spell-
bound by the beauty of the scene.

On the 9th of July we boarded the
"Alaska," and were soon reveling
in the cool breezes of the rivers and
lakes, as she sailed along. No won-
der the "Islands of Lake Erie," have
been immortalized by poets. They
present, on a calm moonlight night,
a scene that cannot be excelled any-
where, and they have to be visited to
be appreciated.

An additional feature which increas-
es the number of visits to the Islands
is the cheap excursion twice each
week instituted by Messrs. Ashley
and Mitchell.

The Islands of Lake Erie are what
remain, above the present lake level,
of a ridge or arch known by geologi-
sts as the "Cincinnati Axis," or
"Cincinnati Anti-clinal." This
ridge extends from south of the Ohio
river in a direction a little east of
north through the central portion of
Ohio under Lake Erie into Canada.

This is the result of upheavals from
causes, doubtless, similar to those
which produced the Allegheny ranges,
and with which it is nearly paral-
lel. A local and peculiar upheaval
in this ridge, of which Put-in-Bay
Island may be considered as near the
centre, brought up a formation of

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 1.25
If not paid within six months, 2.00
These prices are invariable. Remit by post of free money order, or by registered letter.
Terms, cash in advance.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

It seems to be an inborn characteristic of deaf-mutes to imagine that the success in life of any of their fellows is opposed to their own well being. Nearly every one who has attained any superiority in social rank, or whose income is at all large enough to give him a comfortable living, knows what it is to have the less successful of his fellows enviously work in contradiction to him. We very seldom hear of any of our number being lauded or well-spoken of in company. There is generally to be found in all little social meetings a predominance of that bad spirit which acts like a brake, as it were, on the forward moving element of deaf-mute society. Most of them do not seem to realize the fact that the success of one indirectly acts as a propelling power to push others forward. But such is really the case. If a deaf-mute succeeds in obtaining a prominent or lucrative position, and holds it by faithfully and creditably performing the duties which are required of him, he naturally attracts the attention of those who before might have deemed a man deaf and dumb as almost useless in any kind of business. A great many deaf-mutes would succeed in places which are now considered beyond their capacity if they only had a trial. But they do not get this trial, they are refused even a chance to demonstrate their ability. The cause of this, in a great measure, lies at their own door. Those who would employ them, did they know them to be capable, have no knowledge whatever of what an intelligent mute can do. There are so few examples of mutes holding responsible situations, that the average hearing and speaking man knows of not a single instance where a deaf-mute has shown any sterling business qualifications. The way to change this condition of things, is obviously not to retard the progress of the worthy by vile insinuations and mean slanders. You who would help yourself, can not do so by throwing obstacles in the way of another. Instead of devoting your time to depreciative talk of your more successful comrade, you might, by utilizing the time thus wasted, be forwarding your own interests. How often has the reader been in company where the name of some prominent deaf-mute has been brought into discussion, when some one of the number has volunteered the doubtful information that said person is "nothing great—only a common man." And then in scornful tones has asked, "What has this person done? How did he get his place?" and before any one can come to the rescue (if there happen to be any one so disposed) this supercilious ass will answer his own question with, "Oh, he got his place by influence." In some cases this answer may be right, but it shows the uncharitable feeling that overlooks the ability which enables a man to keep a place, even if the place were obtained by somebody's influence. This matter of envy is a very serious drawback in deaf-mute society, we are convinced, both here in New York and elsewhere. It has the effect of keeping the more sensible and intelligent from associating indiscriminately with their mute brethren from a dislike of incurring the ill will of some of them, and their disassociation prevents those who are not so capable of seeing and taking advantage of favorable opportunities to help themselves, from the good and wise counsel of the successful portion of their class. We hope this matter will be touched upon at the coming National Convention, and that the importance of good feeling and brotherly love among the deaf and dumb will not be ignored. We would gladly say more on the subject, but we

have not the proper amount of time to devote to an article of this character, in the preparation of which great care is of prime importance, and the hour or so only which we can devote to our weekly editorials places us under a disadvantage. However, we have made the suggestion for our readers, and leave it to them to do the thinking, and feel assured if they will ponder over what we have said they will soon arrive at some conclusion which can not but help them in their social intercourse with others.

Elsewhere in our columns, our readers will find a full and interesting account of the Combined Picnic of the Boston and Lowell Societies at Willow Dale, a beautiful and admirably adapted spot about four miles from Lowell. Our motto is always "Business before pleasure," and when we had transacted the business which called us to Boston, we plunged into the gay and merry crowd of picnickers determined to have as good a time as our limited stay would allow. Of the people who were present, we can only say that the ladies were beautiful, witty and agreeable, while those of the men who lacked the first mentioned quality, made up for it in the shrewd intelligence for which the Boston Yankee is noted. In short, it would be hard to find anywhere such a company of well bred and clever men and happy-faced and intelligent women as assembled in the cosy retreat set apart for the day's festivities. Mr. George Holmes, as head of the Boston Society, worked with a vim to ensure the comfort and happiness of his silent proteges, in which he was assisted by our New Bedford Solon, Mr. Tillinghast; while Mr. I. N. Soper, representing the Lowell Society, rendered efficient aid in making things accord with the ever varying amusements of the superjoyous crowd. We had the pleasure of making many new friends, and of meeting many who are well known to the deaf-mute world as able and earnest workers in the cause of our silent friends. We received a warm-hearted welcome from our friend Harry White—a bright particular light among Bostonian surds—a cordial greeting from Prof. W. H. Weeks, of the Hartford Asylum—a patriarchal friend of the silent class, loved and honored wherever he is known—and an earnest handshake from our brother of the press, Mr. G. D. Abbott, who, standing at the helm of the *Silent People*, is endeavoring to guide it clear of the rocks and shoals that beset the path of all who follow his profession. The speech making was a novel and interesting feature of the occasion, and reflected credit upon the fertile brain of Mr. Tillinghast, with whom the plan originated. We regretted very much that we could not stay till the conclusion of the festivities, but we will be glad to meet all who were at the picnic at the N. E. G. A. Convention in Boston, on the 7th of September, at which it is our intention to be present. Taken altogether, the affair was one of the most quiet and orderly gatherings of the kind which it has been our good fortune to have participated in, and there will ever remain in our memory a pleasant recollection of the Boston and Lowell Societies' picnic at Willow Dale.

NOTICES.

Sunday Services for the deaf-mutes in Worcester, Mass., will be held on the following dates:—June, 27th, July, 25th, August, 1st, August, 22d, August, 29th, September, 26th, October, 3d, October 24th, October 31st, November 28th, December 5th, December 26th.

Services will be held on the dates marked with a star only when the preceding Sunday has been rainy.

Providence permitting, the Rev. A. W. Mann will hold services at the usual hours, at St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, August 8th, and at St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 15th.

Rev. John Chamberlain and Rev. A. W. Mann, will conduct a service for deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Church, 4th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday evening, August 25th. Holy Communion next morning at 7 o'clock.

The deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity are invited to attend services in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes street, near Ferdinand, at 12 M. Holy Communion, and 3 P. M., Sunday August 1st. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain will officiate.

Sunday School for Catholic deaf-mutes will be held in the large all of St. Francis Xavier's College, West 16th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. It will be open every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, for the benefit of Catholic deaf-mutes.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Lizzie Morris has committed matrimony. No cards.

Alex J. Arnold is boarding with his cousin in Williamsport, Pa.

Frank B. Roberts is in New Castle, N. H., where he will stay till October.

George Stevens, of Williamsport, Pa., expects to go to the Philadelphia Institution in the fall.

Forman Robbins, of Greenville, N. Y., lives with his brother-in-law, and works on his brother's farm.

Charles S. Doane, who graduated from the New York School last June, has obtained work in a Syracuse pulp factory.

Mr. Alex J. Arnold would like to hear from his old schoolmate, Joe W. Atchinson, who is a bookbinder, in Pittsburg, Pa.

C. P. Seaman, of Ridgewood, N. Y., is raising some hundreds of young chickens. He sold \$200 worth of fowls last year.

C. K. W. Strong, of Washington, D. C., got leave of absence recently, and went up to Green Mountains to recruit his health.

B. R. Allabough would like to know Mr. John Deise's address. He will be much obliged to the one who will furnish the desired information.

A large banner bearing the names of Hancock and English, was hung to the breeze last Tuesday, by Mr. H. C. Rider over his residence, in Mexico, N. Y.

Our correspondent, "Josephine," contemplates visiting the Bluehill mining regions before long, and will give us a description of it for the readers of the JOURNAL.

The mother of Charles S. Eaton was married to a farmer of Russell's Hill, Pa., last December. Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Benninger will now have a chance to make Charles a visit.

Libbie Williams, of Lattintown, near Glen Cove, N. Y., lives about two miles east of C. A. Dana, of the New York Sun. Her father raises a large plot of asparagus for the New York market.

There will probably be a religious service for deaf-mutes held at Waldoboro, Me., before long. Rev. Samuel Rowe will probably officiate. There are six or seven deaf-mutes residing in or near that place.

Albert C. Hargrave, who is now in Bluehill, Me., says he did not go there in search of a wife, but for the benefit of his health, which has been poor for three years. He will visit his friends in Bangor and Frankfort, Me.

The projected tramp of Profs. Selinay and Chamberlain having been broken up by the departure of Prof. Selinay for Denver, Col., to join his wife, Prof. C. took himself off for a few days among the breezy hills and babbling brooks of Madison Co.

Prof. H. Chester Hammond, Superintendent of the Arkansas State Deaf and Dumb Institution, and formerly connected with the Institution at Jacksonville, Ill., is spending a few days in visiting at the residence of Mr. James T. King, on College Avenue, Jacksonville, Ill.

A deaf and dumb man named Brown, a resident of Wrightstown, Wis., was instantly killed on July 13th, while walking on the railroad track, about a mile below that place, by the south bound passenger train. The remains were taken to Wrightstown, where an inquest was held.

It is rumored that "Josephine" will make her appearance at the N. E. G. A. Convention, accompanied by one of "Em College Boys." 'Twill make the Big Boston Giant turn green with envy. "Geraldine" will also attend, accompanied by one of Brooklyn's pretty mutes. So 'tis said.

Mr. Geo. E. Fischer did not leave Portland as stated in the last number of the *Silent People*, to follow his old profession, owing to his having been sun-struck while in Brunswick, Me., on business. He was seriously ill for some days, and the steamer sailed before he was able to join her. He has now nearly recovered, and hopes to leave on her next trip.

The police of Philadelphia have lately been raiding the quick factories of that staid city. One, the American University, has long flourished. It has sold degrees from D.D., to LL.D., for from \$25 to \$35 each for fifteen years. Those who have received them, will now, in view of revelation, feel much like taking them down from the walls where they have hung, and hiding them out of sight.

Saturday, July 17th, Mr. Theodore A. Kisel, who has recently been appointed a teacher, in the place of Mr. Wilber Sparrow, of the Primary Department, of the Columbia Institute at Washington, D. C., visited Brewster B. Allabough, of Norristown, Pa., with whom he staid till Wednesday, July 21st. On Monday, July 19th, he and Mr. A. visited Valley Forge, where they saw the old house where General Washington made his headquarters, two old forts, and an old entrenchment three miles long. They enjoyed themselves very much.

The Rocky Mountain Morning Review says: "Breckenridge is the scene of another excitement which promises to result in very extensive new explorations of the mountains thereabouts. It is reported that fine sand carbonates have been opened in the R. D. Livingstone, located about four miles northeast of Breckenridge, on a rolling slope of the Ten Mile Range. Assays show the ore to be very valuable, and it is said, considerable bodies have been struck. It is understood that Messrs. R. D. Livingstone, of Denver, and D. R. Thayer, of Cleveland, O., are the owners."

The proprietor of the American House, Troy, N. Y., sends the following, which is printed on a postal card, to the various hotels of New York State:

AMERICAN HOUSE, TROY, N. Y., July 16, '80.
"Dear Sir: Two young men of medium size and poorly dressed, each carrying small satchel, supposed to have left town Saturday. Pass as deaf-mutes, claim to be selling soap. Beware of them as they are Hotel Beas. In case they come to your house, please telegraph me. Register as John Fisher and James Hodgson, from New York."

H. J. ROCKWELL, Proprietor.
The two beasts here mentioned are from Cincinnati. One of them gave the name of Ross in Buffalo, and the other—the one who signs himself "James Hodgson," is supposed to be J. M. T. Davis, who was recently pardoned from the Ohio penitentiary, where he had been sentenced for life for murdering a circus attendant. A sketch of his crime was given by our Columbus correspondent a few months ago.

Little Daisy Hollister and Agnes Craig enjoyed the excursion to Oriental Grove.

Many New England mutes would like to see the Editor of the JOURNAL at their Convention.

A little deaf-mute girl, ten years old, living in Au Sable, expects to attend the New York Institution next fall.

Mr. Gorham D. Abbott, editor of the *Silent People*, will be present at the N. E. G. A. Convention.

Miss Mary H. Whitehead is on a visit to her friend, Miss George Decker, in Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y.

Prof. Edward A. Fay, Editor of the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, is spending the summer with his family at Nantuxet Beach.

Misses Hannah Kevitt, Mary Whitehead, Katie Shute and Emily Desandorf, were at the late picnic of the Manhattan Literary Association.

Albert C. Powell, a graduate of the Ohio Institution and also of the National Deaf-Mute College, is employed in the office of the County Recorder, in Findlay, O.

Let the fair ladies turn out en masse and attend the N. E. G. A. Convention. They will be sure to find lots of gallant beaux to wait upon them.

It is expected that the coming Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association will be one of unusual interest, and its being held in Boston will draw a large attendance.

It is reported that C. L. Williams, who figured in the Wisconsin scandal two years ago, has been shot by a brother of one of the girls who were concerned in it, and is not expected to recover.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jones and child, of New York City, are now spending a six weeks' vacation at the Stanford House, South Durham, N. Y., eighteen miles from Catskill. They are enjoying "Summer Hotel Life."

It is to be hoped the Committee of Arrangements will succeed in getting reduced rates of fare on the Maine Central R. R., and the Sanford steamers, in order to permit mutes living in the eastern part of Maine to attend the forthcoming Convention.

Mr. James Fisher and wife arrived at this place on Friday last, and are the guests of Mr. Josiah Newcomb, the brother of Mrs. Fisher. Mr. Fisher is a teacher of the Deaf and Dumb in the Institution at Cave Springs, Ga.; both he and his wife are deaf and dumb. They have been absent twenty-one years. On Wednesday of this week, Rev. T. B. Gurney, with his wife, who is also a sister of Mr. Newcomb, came up from Barnstable, and there was a very pleasant family reunion, thirteen being present.—*Seaside Press*.

An exhibition of the Merrill "gait," was given at the Gymnasium of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, last Tuesday evening, by E. W. Friesebe. He weighs but 113½ pounds, having fallen from 125 to 113½ within one week; is five feet four inches in height; measures fourteen inches around the calf of his legs, and about 37 inches around the chest. Preparatory to walking at Willowdale, he made his debut, walking three miles against time, the first in 7 minutes 39 seconds, the second in 9 minutes 1 second, and the third in 8 minutes 38 seconds.—Total 25 minutes 13 seconds.

Two deaf-mutes were married recently at the chapel of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Columbus, Ohio. Soon after ten o'clock the bride and groom entered the chapel from a door on the west, near the platform, followed by the bridesmaid and the groomsmen. The bride was arrayed most tastefully in a coachman's drab silk, made in princess style, with lace at the throat and orange buds in the hair. Prof. Fay stepped in front of the couple and proceeded to repeat the customary marriage formula, using the sign-language alone. After the usual questions, first to the man and then to the lady, had been put and promptly acknowledged, he declared them man and wife, following with a brief and fatherly address and with prayer. Not a word was uttered by mouth. Although there were several hundred children in the room, a pin could have been heard to fall, so still was it during the ceremony. The couple, followed by their friends, repaired to the parlor, where a brief reception was held. The greetings between the bride and many of her late pupils was affectionate in the extreme. The groom, who was known to some of the older pupils, kissed the young ladies and the little girls as fervently as did his newly-made wife.—*Catskill Morning Mail*, July 26, 1880.

C. W. Stowell has left Buffalo to visit his parents somewhere in the country.

John F. J. Tresch has gone to Montreal. He expects to return to New York about Sept. 1st.

Dr. John Hughes, a teacher at the Montreal Institution, died of scarlet fever a short time ago.

Mr. Perry Barnes, now living in Florida, was one of the first graduates of the Illinois Institution.

Dr. Gallaudet attended the meetings of the Clergy of the Convocation of Troy, in Plattsburg and Au Sable Forks.

Mr. E. W. Friesebe walked five miles in 43 minutes and 51 seconds, and not 51 minutes and 43 seconds, as erroneously stated.

Rev. T. A. Belanger a director of the Deaf-Mute Institution at Mile End, Canada, has gone to Paris for a stay of three or four months.

The picture of the National Deaf-Mute College, which appears in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of July 31st, was made from a photograph by Harold Douglass (deaf-mute), and not from a sketch by Charles Kerney, as the paper states.

In Hemiker, N. H., on Sunday forenoon, July 25th, the Rev. Job Turner conducted a combined service with the Rev. Mr. Hoffman, in the Congregational Church, where were present fifteen deaf-mutes, among whom were the venerable Thomas Brown, and his son, Prof. Brown, of the Michigan Deaf and Dumb Institution, and Mr. Thomas N. Head and his wife. The church was filled with an appreciative audience. In the afternoon the deaf-mutes assembled again at Mr. Brown's country residence, for both religious and social purposes.

"De Gennan dat does de boot blackin," at the old Colony Depot, Boston, has the misfortune to be a deaf-mute, and like Death he does his work silently and well. The other day a brawny and slightly belated Hibernian entered the station and seating himself in the bootblack's chair, stretched out his brogans for a shine. The artist as usual, pulled out his kit and went silently to work, but his patron, being far from tongue-tied, looked down and queried:

"'F' what time do the next train be going to Gingham?"
Thereafter fell on the dusty brusher like water on a deer's back as he labored on.
Casting a pitying look at the "inferior race," the Irish gentleman asked again with labored politeness,
"Look here, young feller, I was axin you, 'f' what time the train leaves for Gingham?"
Still no response, and losing patience and politeness, the Hibernian howled:

"Bad luck to yez for a black nagur, will yez tell me when the kyars goes to GINGHAM?"
Here an amused habitue of the place interposed and remarked to the irate son of Erin:
"That man cannot hear or answer you, he is deaf and dumb."
Drawing himself up in the chair with a look of ineffable contempt, the Irishman launched this final shot:
"Ah! now. Is he thin? Well, he needn't put on so much style anyhow!"

THE PICNIC AT WILLOWDALE.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

"By two, and three through ancient trees,
All in the heart of the July weather,
We took our way one sweltering day
To picnic in the woods together.
A blither crowd scarce ever drew
From village streets to country places;
A party blessed though in homespun dressed,
And with naught but happy hearts and faces."

"And our cloth being spread, on a soft mossy bed,
Under the boughs of a chestnut giant,
Such feast we made in that sylvan shade,
With youth and beauty and joyance radiant.
As the rich and the proud are seldom allowed,
With their "flow of soul," and their "feast of reason,"
For our festive fare was but rich and rare
By the innocent mirth that gave it season."

"And many a story both sweet and terse,
And many a legend, quaint and golden,
Were softly told by the Sir Knights' bold
And their ladies fair in that forest olden;
And many a song stirred sweet among
The boughs overhead, while the small birds
And we moved not home till within the dome,
Just seen through the leaves, the first star glistened."

With these three stanzas, my tale is told, and I might lay down my pen, glad to escape the irksome task of describing the picnic more fully, but much as I am tempted to do so, the thought that others are waiting to know how our picnic turned out, who were there and how the day was spent, forces me to take up the pen again.

A picnic which was attended by so many persons prominent in various professions among our class has, I believe, never been held anywhere else. There was E. A. Hodgson, the enterprising editor of the JOURNAL, whose coming was a genuine surprise to many, at the picnic, forming one of the many pleasant features. He excited the curiosity of all on account of his youthful appearance, coupled with the high position he holds as the editor of the leading newspaper of deaf-mutes. The New Englanders were glad of the opportunity of seeing him, and the impression he made on them, when he left as he did in the middle of the afternoon, much to their regret, was that of a quiet, gentlemanly person who, although he has respect for the opinions of others and is not too churlish to deny them a right to free thought, yet respects his own opinions, and maintains them with a manly independence that impresses all with his honesty. Another editor, Gorham D. Abbott, was present, whose agreeable person, and graceful manner of conversing pleased everybody. What a beautiful imagination he has, as was evident in the sermon on "Peace," which he preached before the Boston Society, and which was published in the JOURNAL. He must have inherited his father's literary talent. Oh, there was Mr. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, whose wit and humor always enliven an intelligent company. He deserves credit for the successful carrying out of a part of the day's programme, of which anon. Prof. Weeks, of Hartford, was conspicuous by his tall person, but he made himself even more so by the generous part he took in contributing to the day's entertainment. Those who amused themselves

on the "Fandango," or flying horses, will not soon forget the merriment of Prof. Weeks, which added zest to the amusement. He never seemed to be in better spirits, than on that day, and his company was enjoyed by both the young and old. Editor Hodgson and Prof. Weeks were seen sitting together, *tele-a-tele*, from the result of which the readers of the JOURNAL who love and revere the Mother of Institutions may derive some benefit. Thomas F. Fox was present, and not merely present, but in the very heart of the occasion, the very incarnation of fun and absurdity, affording a good deal of amusement to everybody. College students who know him will know what I mean. There never was such a rollicking fellow, and he made himself a great favorite with those who were perfect strangers to him a moment before. Job Turner graced the occasion with his dignified presence, and as usual had much to tell of his travels, of the number of converts he had made, and was truly grateful for the innumerable hairbreadth escapes, by flood or field, which he had with the special aid of Providence, safely passed through. But enough of names, now; others will come in the course of the narrative, as the saying is.

Persons to the number of seventy or so gathered at the Lowell Depot from Boston and vicinity, in spite of the unfavorable state of the weather. If the morning had been less threatening, more would have come. Shortly after half past seven, however, Old Sol burst through the clouds in all his glory, cheering up the spirits of the party, and favored us with his bright warm presence, all the day long, notwithstanding he frowned upon other places. The ride in the cars was soon over, and the time was occupied in hand shaking and introductions. It was in the barges that the spirits of the party broke forth into the jollity appropriate on such occasions. In one barge in particular, fun and mirth reigned supreme. There "Lester Mnotrose" made everybody laugh, and before the ride was over, everybody had the jaw-ache.

The route which we passed was all that had been claimed for it. Wind-ing and varied in scenery lined with trees, which cast their cool refreshing shade over us, it certainly merited the praise that had been bestowed upon it. But the fun which was going on scarcely permitted us to bestow more than the tribute of a passing glance at the lovely panorama around us. Occasionally, our attention was called to the more interesting objects of view on the road, and in one instance, Editor Hodgson warned his correspondent to look out for the natural beauties of the scene or he would not be able to give a description of it to the JOURNAL. Acting at once upon this hint, the correspondent took out his note book, and attempted to sketch an old tumble-down building standing alone, and deserted, in a sort of romantic solitude, but owing to the joltings of the barge, the result was not more than a caricature. Of course the whole party laughed at the absurd attempt. At the end of four miles, the party were welcomed to Willowdale by the mutes from Lowell, New Hampshire, and other places, who had preceded them.

The grove! who shall attempt to describe its varied scenery and wooded knolls, winding avenues and cozy nooks, its beautiful sheet of water which glistened with the sheen of silver in that bright sunlight? My pen will fail to do it justice. Sufficient it is to say that the advantages of Willowdale which Nature had offered and art had improved, surpassed all our expectations. A ramble in the woods led to many pleasant surprises, wooden images of gods and goddesses were scattered everywhere in profusion; there were also images of heroes, one of the most important was that of stout-hearted Andrew Jackson, made out of the fragments of the frigate Constitution. Buried in the heart of the woods was a pretty cottage, embowered with clinging ivy and other plants, which served as an excellent place for the delightful mysteries of love, which some of the young couples were not slow to take advantage of. On the border of the lake was a log-cabin, rough hewn, after the fashion of the old settlers, which was quite a curiosity in its way. It was put to a novel use by three gentlemen of the party, Thos. F. Fox, Henry H. Davis, of Milton, and "another," who converted it into a dressing room while they went in bathing.

There was one good feature of the picnic which was very much appreciated. That was the freedom of the place and its amusements, such as the fandango, boating, bowling, swings, etc., etc., to all the participants. The flying horses were kept flying all day, and the boats were seen plunging their way through the water, everywhere, from the rosy dawn of morning until night which cast its sombre shadows over the scene, hiding from sight many a sweet act of endearment.

Among the gentlemen from New York, who came to attend the picnic, were Messrs. Wilkinson, Reynolds and Heyman, who proved themselves very agreeable company, and conducted themselves as became gentlemen on such an occasion. They entered into the spirit of the picnic with much apparent enjoyment, especially when they sat at the table where Miss Homer dispensed hospitality with a generous hand, and Mr. Krane passed around the "flowing bowl" with a less generous hand.

The number of those present may fairly be estimated at one hundred and fifty, with a sprinkling of hearing persons, friends of the mutes present. There were about eight gentlemen

present who are or have been connected with the National College. F. C. Davis and his lady lent dignity to the picnic. Albert S. Tufts, a member of the Senior class in the select course, for a wonder, was seen at the joyous gathering. Willie E. White, of Goffstown, N. H., came with the Misses Sargent and Cole.

At three o'clock, a mass meeting was held, the lovers were summoned forth from their hiding places, and loiterers on the water were called back to attend a speech-making. The steps of a barge served as a rostrum, and the benches of an open dining-hall as the auditorium, or rather as the visorium. The meeting was called to order by J. T. Tillinghast in an humorous speech, after which he introduced each of the following speakers to the audience with some witty illusions; Mr. Abbott read a set of resolutions composed jointly by himself and Mr. Tillinghast, upon the death of Prof. Bull, of Hartford, which were unanimously passed; Prof. Weeks made his address in a happy manner; Mr. Hodgson made a few remarks pertinent to the occasion; Revs. S. Rowe and Job Turner, Messrs. Krause, Fox, Soper, Heyman, Holmes took turns. The meeting was closed by a speech from Mrs. Barnard, in which she complimented the Committee upon the success of the whole affair—a proof of the gentlemen's gallant recognition of Woman's Rights. All the speakers referred in more or less complimentary terms to the happy management of the picnic. The gentlemen from New York were generous enough to say that it was a picnic worth coming so many miles to take part in.

The only drawback to the enjoyment of the occasion, was the non-appearance of our famous pedestrian, Eddie Frisbee, on the track, he having been one of those who were deceived by the unfavorable state of the weather to stay at home. None regretted it more than himself when the day was over.

At last the time came to leave the scene of so much enjoyment, and the ride homeward was but a repetition of that in the morning. Thus ended a picnic, conceded by all to be the most enjoyable within their memory; it ended with complete success where many had feared a failure, on account of the high price of admission and the long distance which many had to travel. The Committee of Arrangements have good reason to be satisfied with the ending of the whole affair; they may return home and sleep in peace, un-haunted by grinning imps pointing to them and spelling the ignominious word "Failure." Mr. Holmes, who was so indefatigable in his efforts to ensure to all a good time, that it was feared he did not have as good a time himself, may now find compensation in the consciousness of having contributed to the enjoyment of others.

"Ah! again and again, through the years since then,
I shall turn with a sigh to that picnic party;
And sigh not the least, when at some great feast,
Where the revel rings wild, but never so hearty,
And I think of it now as I fan my brow,
And shading my eyes in this July weather,
I can see through the trees, in twos and threes,
Some picnickers grouped in yon wood together."

Cincinnati.

The Fifth Grand Annual Deaf-Mute Picnic at Bellevue House, on the 12th of July, under the management of Messrs. McGregor, Runkel, Thimmes, Byrne, Kelly, Wood and Hogland, came off according to the programme. It was, like former picnics, a grand success, both socially and financially. About 2000 people were present, 125 of them were deaf-mutes—a very gratifying fact to the managers, considering many mutes from abroad preferred to stay at home till August 25th, when they will come en masse to attend the National Convention. However, many mutes from abroad attended the picnic, including nearly all of those living in Cincinnati and its suburbs. Among those from abroad we noted: Prof. Schoenfield and wife, Mrs. Thos. Lawson, Misses Pfender and Knorr, Messrs. Kinsler, Fulton and Clinkenbeard, from Kentucky; Prof. Vail and son, and Miss Neisemerger, from Indiana; Mr. Felix Woliston, editor and proprietor of the Ohio *Spy*, Messrs. Strader Brothers, Ike Sawhill, Dungan, Himmes-plough, from Ohio; and others whose names have slipped from the writer's mind.

Mr. Schoenfield and wife remained several days after the picnic in Dayton, Ky., in order to witness the wedding of Mr. S.'s brother, which took place last Thursday evening. After which they left for Spencer County, Ky., on a visit to Mrs. Schoenfield's mother.

Rev. Mr. Mann held services at the usual place, on July 11th, to a respectable audience of mutes. He attended the picnic on the following day and seemed to enjoy it. He will be here to hold services during the convention. I understand that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will come and attend the convention and assist Mr. Mann.

The Independent Base Ball Club, of Columbus, under the management of Mr. Flenniken, a speaking son of the first pupil of the Ohio State Deaf-Mute School, played a game with the Buckeye B. B. C., of this city, on the afternoon of July 11th, and the former, owing to the lack of practice, were defeated by a score of 17 to 8. The mute base ballists came to the conclusion that they had better disband. They attended the picnic and then left for their respective homes.

July 17, 1880.

"Bob, what's steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right,—compare it." "Positive boil, comparative boiler, superlative burst."

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMBUS."

MR. G. O. FAY TENDERS HIS RESIGNATION AS SUPERINTENDENT OF THE OHIO INSTITUTION—HIS REASONS THEREFOR—UNIVERSAL SURPRISE AND REGRET EXPRESSED—MR. CHARLES S. PERRY LIKELY TO BE MR. FAY'S SUCCESSOR—COMMENTS OF THE OHIO STATE "JOURNAL" ON THE SUBJECT—WHAT IS OHIO'S LOSS, IS CONNECTICUT'S GAIN—PERSONAL, AND IMPERSONAL MENTIONS.

The trustees of the Institution held their regular monthly meeting Tuesday afternoon of this week. Only three of the members were present. After transacting some routine business, Superintendent G. O. Fay startled the members by handing in his resignation and asking acceptance of the same.

The Board was entirely unprepared for such a thing. Indeed, Mr. Fay, himself, was loth to take such action, and had looked years ahead in matters effecting the management and welfare of the Institution.

About a week ago he received a tempting offer to accept a position in a leading institution in the East. On what conditions, he was not informed until the day on which the Trustees met. As inducements were held out which assured him of less responsibility and care, and at the same time, secure him more needed recreation and rest, he concluded to accept the offer.

There will be few persons who will not express surprise and regret at this action of Mr. Fay in severing his connection with the Institution. Mr. Fay was four years a teacher of the Institution before assuming the trying responsibility of its management, and how well he has discharged that trust for the past fourteen years, those who have seen the outcome of his labors in building up the Institution—now second to none in the country—can well speak.

None will be more sorry and pained to hear of Mr. Fay's resignation than those who are immediately associated with him in the Institution work. In the discharge of their several duties they will greatly miss his advice, which was ever willing and freely contributed. Always cool, never hasty in action, but weighing both sides well before rendering a decision. To him the teachers and officers could always look upon as their strong right arm in all emergencies where his aid and counsel were needed.

Mr. Charles S. Perry, in charge of the First Academic Class, and the only hearing gentleman teacher in the Institution, is spoken of as likely to become Mr. Fay's successor. It is said, however, he does not desire the place, and would prefer to remain in his present position.

The laws regulating the Institution, require that when the office of Superintendent becomes vacant the person chosen to fill the place must be a resident of the State. In case Mr. Perry refuses to accept the position, some man, unacquainted with the system of educating the deaf and dumb, will have to be chosen, unless the Trustees step outside of the law to appoint a Superintendent, and that is preferable—if it can reasonably be done—to having a new man totally ignorant and inexperienced, in such a position.

The Ohio State Journal, of this city, has this to say about Mr. Fay's resignation, with a brief sketch of his life:

OHIO LUCK.

Results of False Economy in a Stingy State.

RESIGNATION OF PROFESSOR G. O. FAY—THE INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB LOSES ITS HEAD, AND CONNECTICUT WINS THE PRIZE.

There are very few if any people in Columbus who personally know Prof. Gilbert O. Fay and his social qualities, and still fewer in the State who recognize his genuine worth in the education of deaf-mutes, but will regret to learn that he tendered his resignation yesterday at the regular meeting of the Board, as Superintendent of the Ohio Institution. It is but another evidence of the oft-repeated saying that Ohio is gradually losing its best material, best talent, on false principles of economy, "perpetuated by partisan Legislatures."

The resignation of Professor Fay is to take effect about September 1st, or as soon as the stability of the Institution will allow. He has accepted the position of leading teacher in the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn., at a salary of \$2,000. The gentleman who occupied this position died some time ago and the place was offered to Mr. Fay, but specific conditions were not received until the mail of yesterday, giving him time to accept the new place and tender his resignation. Prof. Fay says he considered it simply accepting a better situation, and in addition, he gets rid of all responsibility connected with the Superintendentcy of so large an Institution as the Ohio Institution is. The Board was taken somewhat by surprise on receiving the resignation, and realize the difficulty and responsibility in finding a man that will fit the place. This is the kind of talk over which chronic politicians smile, but the sentiment which recognizes merit and fitness in connection with charitable institutions is gradually growing, and will assert itself in time, even in Ohio.

Professor Fay is an original Ohio man. He was born in Medina county, and while yet quite young his father died, leaving him to the care of his mother. Soon after the death of the father and husband, Mrs. Fay removed to her people in the East, and as to how well she did the work of raising an only son, those personally acquainted must be left to judge. Professor Fay graduated at Yale College in 1859, and then spent three years in Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1862, and came direct to the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where he entered the service as a teacher. He was four years in this capacity when he was chosen Superintendent and has served fourteen years in that position, making eighteen years in all which he has been connected with the Institution. Thus the whole of his active life has been spent in the service of the State at a salary of \$1,200 a year—a bare living with the continual expenses incident to the position—and Professor Fay leaves the service of the State a comparatively poor man. He is now forty-five years of age, and soon after becoming located here in 1863, he brought on his mother, and she has resided in his family since, now being seventy-five years old. Thus crops out the first duty of a noble specimen of manhood in the care of an aged mother.

"During these eighteen years, Professor Fay has received numerous offers of which salaries were attached more in keeping with his merits; but has uniformly declined because of the many pleasant relations formed while in the Ohio Institution. It is now with the greatest reluctance that he parts with the Institution which he has done so much to build up, and it never was in better condition than at present. The responsibilities of the Superintendentcy are continually on the increase, being now three times greater and the work of the Institution three times as much as when Professor Fay first entered upon his duties of Superintendent.

"In Illinois, Indiana and other of the Western States, not less than \$2,000 are paid a Superintendent, and in most of the Eastern States it reaches \$2,500. In New York, the duties of a Superintendent are divided with a Principal, the latter receiving \$3,500 and the Superintendent \$3,000. The duties of the position here are too great for any one man, and should be divided and then a reasonable salary paid to each. Since Professor Fay has been connected with the Institution, he has secured positions for a number of graduates, several of whom received a salary of \$2,500 on taking their positions and one as high as \$3,500. In the generosity of other States, this is a humiliating admission to be made by the head of Ohio's Institution, which has gained such a high reputation. Nevertheless it is a fact, and nothing but State pride and Western instincts has favored Ohio for so long a period.

"The State, the capital city, society, young men, and all liberal in faith, loose a strong friend and model man in the departure of Professor Fay.

"The Board laid the resignation on the table and fixed a special meeting for the first Monday in August to consider the same and elect a successor. The Board, by the law, will be confined to the State in the selection of a Superintendent. Mr. Charles S. Perry is the oldest teacher in succession, having been in the Institution fifteen years. He was educated and is a graduate of Marietta."

Mr. L. D. Waite left last Saturday, for Chillicothe, where he will be engaged for the next four or five weeks in transcribing records for this county—Franklin. He performs this work under the orders of the County Recorder.

A year ago last winter the Recorder's office was set on fire and the greater part of the records destroyed, or badly damaged. This county used to form part of the one of which Chillicothe is the county seat, and as copies of the records destroyed here are preserved in that county, the County Commissioners authorized the Recorder to employ a person to go down there and copy those destroyed, which can not be obtained elsewhere.

Mr. Waite will do a good job, as he is well acquainted with such matters, having been employed by Brown Bros., Abstractors of Titles and Deeds, of this city, since he graduated from College, in 1877.

Mr. P. M. Park returned from his visit to Northern Ohio last Monday, and says he had a very pleasant time. We'll try and interview him on the matter at some future time.

Mr. Charles H. Rice, who graduated from the Institution in June last, has been stopping in the city for a few days on his way from South Charleston to Coshocton. His mother lives at the former place, and at the latter his grandfather, who is also his guardian. Hence his frequent vibrations between these two points. He will attain his majority in a few months, and it is said, will come in possession of a large estate. Friday evening, he attended an entertainment at the residence of his late teacher, Mr. Charles S. Perry.

Mr. R. P. McGregor and wife came up from Cincinnati last Friday. Mr. McG. left Monday last for Sandusky, and from there proposes to rough it alone for a few weeks on the lakes, in a canoe of his own, which he purchased from Prof. Westervelt, of the Rochester Institution. In the meantime, Mrs. McGregor will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson.

There will be a Grand Re-union of the soldiers in the late war in this city, the middle part of next month,

and is expected to be a monster affair. In order to provide accommodations for the visitors, the Superintendent of the Institution was authorized to grant the use of the halls on the boys and girls side, to the Committee having the Re-union in charge.

COLUMBUS.

July 22, 1880.

Plagiarian and Notes from Mignon.

Vance owes one side,
Berkley owes the middle;
Barrick owes the other side,
Freddie plays the fiddle.

We don't see how "Rambling Soph" can become a meandering senior, when he is a *Hammer*.

"Columbus's" weekly articles are capital, full of sound common sense, while ours are all nonsense, but we can't help it, 'tis all the kind of sense we are *blessed* with.

Vance and his clique dug the pit themselves, and of course they must fall into it. Mr. Freeman and the rest of us have a perfect right to stand up for Mr. McGregor, and we will do it come what will and may.

We heard they had a *female barber* at Brooklyn, seventeen years of age, soft handed, sweet of breath, pretty, plump and graceful, and what is better than all deaf and dumb. But, O my, 'tis not "Deaf and Dumb Girl" is it?

The christian's peace," by Mr. Abbott, was real good. How true, into each life some rain must fall, and in many a loving breast lies some canker grief concealed.

"Sly" says, he has a new plug and a gold-headed cane. Well, ahem!

"High lows pass as patent leather, Jackdaws strut in peacock feather."

Somebody, no matter who, had to go and read what we said to "Bella Prettyfair" in regard to touches of the lips, when we never said he might, and sent us the explanation:

"How delicious is the winning
Of kisses at love's beginning,
When two mutual souls are sighing
For the knot there's no untying."

The "opposition party" is terribly mad at us because we sided with the "aristocracy." We forgive 'em. We received a nice little missive from "Minnehaha," the other day, when the Postmaster handed it over he looked as if he was thinking

"What fair fingers traced those lines
Upon that page of snow,
And what she thought of you the while,
O, wouldn't we like to know."

"Josephine" is as silent as the grave, and we are going to give her some poetry and see if she won't "come to."

"Love us little love us long,
Is the burden of our song;
Love, that is too hot and strong,
Burneth soon to waste,
Still we would not have thee cold;
Not too backward or too bold,
Love that hatcheth till 'tis old,
Fadeth not in haste."

"If thou lovest us too much,
I will not prove as true as thou;
Love is little more than such,
For we fear the end.
We are with little will content,
And a little from the sent,
Is enough with true intent,
To be steadfast friend."

We know of a nice place to dine at Cincinnati, and for the benefit of "Conventions," we "propose" in setting a few particulars. They are "The Henley and Chadwick Cincinnati Dining and Lunch Rooms," No. 11 East Fourth St., just west of St. James Hotel. Reception and toilet rooms for ladies, convenient to all street car lines. Cars leave the house every five minutes for the Zoo gardens. Baggage and packages cared for free of charge.

"Mike" sent "Honeyanyway" some poetic lore. We wanted to have it put in print, but she's *bashful* so we will do it for her.

"Why should I feel lone and weary,
Why down hearted and oppressed?
Thou hast said 'I love thee only,'
That assurance fills my breast."

"When sad memories come o'er me
Like the dew of summer showers,
Thoughts of thee like angels' whispers,
Charm away the dreary hours."

"And though distant shores divide us,
Fairer climes with summer hue,
Know, dear one, 'I love thee only,'
That I'm faithful still and true."

We were so *sorry* unseen circumstances prevented our going up to attend the Grand Fete, but it always was our luck to be unlucky and we were, O, so mad.

"Geraldine"—"tell us not in idle jingle,
Marriage is an empty dream,
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem."

Life is real, Life is earnest!
Single blessedness is a fife;
"Man, thou art to man returned!"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us nearer marriage day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts though light and gay,
Still like pleasant drums are beating,
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a heroine—a wife.

Lives of married folk remind us
We can make our lives as well,
And departing leave behind us
Such examples as shall tell.

Such examples that another
Wasting time in idle sport,
A *forlorn unmarried brother*,
Seeing shall take heart and court.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set;
Still conquering, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.

We imagine we hear all the dear (for when was a reader not dear?) exclaim, "She must be crazy for a h.b.d." Well, you can't all harp away. We were never afraid of anybody we ever saw, and it is leap year anyhow.

Yours stupidly,

MIGNON.

July 14, 1880.

Jottings of the Day at Willow Dale.

Somebody was conspicuous for his absence. Who was it?

Oh, "Mignon," there was "Lester Montrose," and "Ernestine" carried him off!

Some one cried when the Big "Giant" mounted the steps of the rostrum to make his speech, "Don't go to Heaven yet, Mr. Krause."

Messrs. Wilkinson, Reynolds and Heyman, spent the night with friends at Lowell, and in passing in through Boston en route for New York, they reported having enjoyed themselves hugely. Good bye until next time.

Messrs. Reynolds and Wilkinson did not make a speech. Cause why? Two young ladies were the cause why. They were out somewhere on the water.

"Lester Montrose" and editor Hodgson, were compelled to leave Willow Dale soon after speech making, much to the regret of all, as the JOURNAL needed its motive power.

During the ride homeward, Bella Flagg sat on the top seat, looking as though she was the Belle of the picnic.

"Ernestine" is a very tasteful young lady, bless her heart. When introduced to "Lester Montrose," she was told he could hear as well as talk and she believed it even when "Lester Montrose" protested by all the saints he knew and they were very few, that he was deaf as a post. Sweet simplicity of belief! Thus it came to pass that in the course of the day she spoke to him and receiving no answer, perceived him to be looking at a fair rival she reproached him for his want of attention, upon which a small breeze sprang up accompanied by a little rain. The squall subsided when the truth was told her by the same party who had made the joke.

Messrs. Reynolds and Heyman, seemed struck with the Misses Soper, Sargent and Wright. Ask them if they were not mashed.

This is the first time, Henry H. Davis, of Milton, ever attended a picnic of deaf-mutes. If thou wouldst know what attraction brought that gay bachelor to Willow Dale, go and behold the fair lady he was with, and thou wilt see the force of the attraction.

Men swore and ladies pouted because Eddie Frisbee did not make his appearance on the grounds. Eddie, you don't know what you have lost.

Gorham D. Abbott and "another," after comparing notes, came to the conclusion that they were too happy in their present state of single blessedness—hard, did not some one say "cussedness?"—ever to leave it; Cause why? Cause;

"I think with Israel's wisest King
Who finds a wife, finds a good thing;
I'd marry, but 'twould be no jest,
'Steal of a wife to find a pest."

"Easily the wheels of life
Glide along without a wife,
Whilst the matrimonial car,
Clamors with perpetual jar."

The cart-load of estates, which Mrs. Homer brought, made a score of people glad. The sight of so many good things under which a table as long as a bowling alley groined was enough to make the mouth water. Generous, Mrs. Homer! May she live long—as long as there are picnics.

Two young persons of both sexes have made a vow to remain single—as long as each remains single.

There were present "Josephine," "Josephine Orangeblossom," "Junius," "Belle Prettyfair," "Mike," "Student," "Young Bostonian" and a score of other names, which, at present I do not happen to recollect. Oh, I forgot, there were Joel Slocum and "Harri Henri."

Those tall men have the biggest hearts, as witness Professor Weeks, Wallace H. Krause and others.

Prof. Weeks said one good thing at the picnic. He said that we ought to use the word "mutes" in preference to "dumb" on every occasion.

"Deaf-mutes" is the proper thing; "deaf and dumb" is not, "Dumb" suggests the brutes. We say the dumb brutes, but we do not say the mute brutes. All which is very sensible. I hope the principals of institutions will take the hint and substitute the term "Mutes" for "Dumb" whenever speaking of "Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb."

Prof. Weeks was an immense favorite with the young people. Come again when you can.

As a certain young bachelor and his sweet seventeen-year-old were—ah, well—acting just as lovers will, you know, an inquisitive old gentleman, who had been observing them, asked if they were married. The young couple blushed, but "Young Bach" answered undauntedly "yes."

He asked again, "How long have you been married?" "About three months," was the desperate reply. The climax was reached, when the inquisitive gent asked, "How have you enjoyed your marriage?"

At the speech meeting, Garfield was cheered, and Hancock uncheered. This shows pretty well, which way the political wind blows, eh, Mr. Hodgson.

Mr. Krause, with a generosity equal to his gigantic stature, gave everybody a taste of his now famous "punch" and put their names down on a paper, then bottled it up and hung it upon a tree, to tell the tale to future picnickers. On the list was Job Turner's name.

Edna Howes and Belle Porter went out rowing, with a young gent to see that they did not row themselves into a watery grave. Well, they rowed and rowed, teaching him a more perfect lesson in geometry than his professor had taught him at college, making a beautiful circle

after circle. They also taught him the important lesson that zigzag lines are the shortest distance between any two given points. Belle Porter says it was the fault of the boat.

MIGNONETTE.

Maryland Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—As heretofore announced in the JOURNAL, the Second Annual Re-union Picnic of the mutes of Maryland took place on Wednesday the 14th inst., in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore. Every thing contributed to make it a pleasant affair. Phoebus Apollo, who, on the preceding day had benignly smiled upon suffering humanity, while at the same time, making them swelter in the heat of 99 degrees in the shade—the highest temperature of the summer yet experienced—mercifully consented to hide himself behind some clouds, while after an hour or two old Aeolus was kindly carried the latter away in time to prevent a disposition of rain. In short, the weather was just warm enough or rather, cool enough, to be agreeable, and besides, the change from the hot, enervating air of the city to the cool shades of the Park, was in itself sufficient to make one feel at peace with the world.

Altogether, between ninety-five and one hundred mutes were present and about twice that number of their hearing and speaking friends. Last year the number of mutes was much less. Some twenty-five of them were from the counties, a gratifying fact showing that our friends in the country appreciated the picnic sufficiently to attend, notwithstanding the distance of their homes from the scene. Of the teachers of the School, Miss Barry was the only one present. Miss Jams intended to be there, but was prevented from going. The same was the case with Mr. Grow, who was present last year. Miss Crumbacker, our Matron, and Mr. William R. Barry, of the Board of Directors, were there, as well as Mr. Wells, a teacher, and the Matron and Assistant Matron of the Colored Institution. Principal Ely intended going, but was prevented by indisposition. This was much regretted as many of those present had not seen him for years, and who had anticipated a pleasant chat with their kind preceptor and friend of old.

The day was spent in all kinds of merry-making. Many a young mute gallant might be seen boating on the lakes, the fair one on the seat before him smiling her admiration at the proficiency with which he handled the oars. Others went to the bathing places at Woodberry and disported themselves in the cool waters, while not a few went to the swings and enjoyed themselves there. Games of King William, of forfeits and the like, were indulged in by the picnickers to their hearts' content, and of course, all of them spent a good time in chatting. Old friendships and acquaintances were renewed as well as new ones made, and all passed off as merry as a marriage bell.

Miss Annie Barry deserved great praise for her excellent management of the picnic. None of our mute ladies take more interest and delight in contributing to our pleasure and amusement, and it was at her suggestion that re-union picnics were decided to be held annually. Among our old graduates present from a distance, were Messrs. T. F. Houston, of Dorchester; G. T. Hays and J. A. Kennebec, of Hartford; T. A. Lamb and F. Maslin, of Kent, and J. A. Thomas, of Cecil Co. There were also many others who did not receive their education in our school, but in Philadelphia, Maryland then having no school of its own. Among the latter were Messrs. Killenigh, Dunlap, Plowman, Smithson and Gibbs. The gentlemen first named are all bachelors and well-to-do farmers. "Mignon," "Geraldine" and others of that ilk, will accept the hint. The year 1880 lacks five months for its completion, yet they will do well to make hay while the sun shines.

School closed on the 30th ult., and you may be sure your correspondent tossed up his cap and gave a regular deaf-mute hurrah as cheerfully as the best of his schoolmates. There was no exhibition, but the last night was spent in a pleasant socialable. Cake and ice cream were liberally served, and last, but not least, the prizes were distributed among those whose school and examination record showed them worth the honor. The monitors also received prizes, and in all about thirty were presented, mostly consisting of books. Two months still intervene before the opening of school, and we are set upon having the jolliest of jolly times.

Before school closed, we were made happy by a visit from our old friend, Mr. J. A. Trundle, of Adamstown, a student of the National College. He was the guest of the school four days, and told us many a humorous story of his one year's experience at College. Thus far he is the only representative of Maryland at the College, but there are several at the School who are preparing for College and propose to enter in a year or two.

On the 1st inst., Misses Barry and Jams, of the corps of teachers, took advantage of the liberty afforded them and began a tour through Washington and Montgomery counties, visiting their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Easterday, Misses Sarges and Wolfkill, and the Misses Blair. They spent two weeks pleasantly in this manner, and though urged to prolong their stay, they were obliged to return home in order to attend the picnic.

Mr. James S. Wells still continues his afternoon Sunday Services, much to our gratification. He could have

taken a holiday of two months, but consented to preach to us Sundays as usual, by which he has certainly placed us under great obligations. The deaf-mute attendance at those services varies from thirty to sixty. Previous to Mr. Wells' arrival in Baltimore last September, religious services enjoyed by the mutes were few and far between, and only took place when Revs. Gallaudet, Syle, or others, came to the city. The present arrangement is therefore very beneficial, and we hope Mr. W. will not remove his sphere of usefulness from the city and thereby deprive us of the benefit of weekly services.

There is some discussion of holding another picnic some time this month, or next. Some propose Harewood Park, and some Greenwood or Druid Hill Park, while others prefer an Excursion down the Bay. We believe Maryland can boast of more resorts for Excursionists than any other State in the Union, and elegant excursion steamers daily bear thousands of weary citizens to these cool and inviting spots on the Chesapeake, which enable them to escape, for a time at least, the hot and suffocating air of the city.

Considerable interest is shown by the mutes of this city in the forthcoming Convention. So far as we know, but two delegates expect to attend from Baltimore as representatives from Maryland. They are Messrs. C. J. Perego and P. Schwartz. They intend to visit Philadelphia, New York, Niagara Falls and Chicago, and to go from the last mentioned place to Cincinnati, where they will spend the Convention week. There is already one Baltimore mute in Cincinnati, Mr. J. P. Fitzpatrick. He is not there on a visit, however, but has obtained a good situation at cigar making, we believe, and intends making that city his home. This much we know from hearsay.

ODENATUS.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 21, 80.

Elm "chips in."

For the first time in my life, I begin to write for a deaf-mute paper. Let this satisfy you that I never wrote to any rival of yours. I am a constant contributor to the "Home Journal" in my own country, the editor of which is deaf; but he has never been connected with the deaf and dumb Institute, and his Journal is devoted to speaking people solely, therefore I feel quite at my ease in writing sarcasms and jokes to it, as they cannot be misunderstood by hearing folks, while I am in constant dread of promoting an angry feeling amongst the deaf-mutes, who "hardly ever" seem to understand a joke from an unkind remark. However, I have concluded to run the risk of having all your readers on the war-path after my scalp, and will shift the responsibilities on to the shoulders of my great grandmother, on my father-in-law's side.

Why don't the deaf and dumb try to "murder" music, as well as the hearing people? I give it up. I don't know. I know a hearing lady who makes me feel like going out and killing somebody, every time she comes into our house to play (?) on the piano. I can tell good-playing from bad by looking at the way they move their hands, and I am as deaf as a post and have been for a good, long while. I believe that there are geniuses in music amongst the deaf-mutes, as well as amongst the hearing, and also some who can't learn in both cases. Phonology can easily show deaf-mutes where the "bump" of tune is. Phonology is, in my eyes, a divine science, and "don't you forget it." I am often called on, when attending parties among my hearing friends, to play a waltz, polka, march and quadrille, while they dance. And they say I play as well as my brother, who has a good "ear" for music, and is not deaf at all. Still, they may be giving me "taffy," who knows! And I learned all this since I was deaf, because I am so fond of music. It is a pity that the deaf-mute should be deprived of what they love, and yet we can't always have what we want, and I am glad of it! Let us digress!

Mr. "Doughnuts" wrote you a letter a short time ago. He is a great friend of mine, having been an old school-mate, and I can hardly do well in "giving him away," yet I think he can tell "whoppers." His flow of imagination is excessively lively. I have got used to him, and when he tells me a nice big yarn, I set it down as never having known where it came from. He is a jolly good joker, and every girl in California is waiting for him to "pop," and yet he doesn't do it! The reason why is beyond my dull comprehension. He wants the girls to do the "popping," and they won't do it, for various reasons. He will never see thirty again; but that don't hurt any body.

The most beautiful deaf-mute girl I ever knew in California, is Mrs. Myers, formerly Carrie J. Aronson. She is now the mother of a lovely babe, and makes a most charming mother with it in her arms. Any good artist would be delighted to look at such a model, I am sure.

The most agreeable young man amongst the deaf-mutes, is Joshua Willets. He will make his mark as a ladies' man one of these days, or I'm much mistaken, and trust me for "voracity."

The most talented young lady, (deaf-mute) that I know of, is Miss Annie Warren, and she is still attending school. She is a genius at drawing, and at a very early age manifested a decided passion for art and beauty. She will make her mark one of these days. She is a decided brunette, tall and slender, and graceful.

James C. Harlan is one of our lucky boys. You already know enough of him without my saying more.

Theop. H. d'Estrella, one of our native born geniuses, in more than one respect, shows all the chivalry towards the ladies, which is the inborn characteristic of the noble Spaniard. No young man is more humble, yet proud, more deferential, yet haughty! Let him go where he will, he makes friends. He is beloved and respected by his deaf-mute associates, and flattered by his superiors. He will have a brilliant future, no matter how severely he may suffer on the road to success. For what is success without difficulty? Nothing!

There are many more deaf-mutes whom I might mention; but I am warned to quit, by seeing how much I have already written. I, however, hope to be favorably received, as I am truly in what I undertake.

When I say, that I read sometime ago in your paper, that the California mutes did not write enough, you can excuse my presumption.

ELM.

OAKLAND, CAL., July 4, 1880.

Massachusetts News.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—On the 5th inst., I went to Worcester on purpose to take part in the Second Annual Picnic which was given by deaf-mutes of that city. At 10 o'clock, about twenty-five deaf-mutes took the cars for Auburn, four miles from the city, and enjoyed a ten minutes delightful ride. We received a very cordial welcome from Messrs. Trask, Joslin and Howe, on our arrival, who conducted us to a beautiful grove, about half a mile from the depot, on a high hill, commanding a splendid view of several towns, and the surrounding country many miles around. Nearly all the forenoon was spent in playing ball and croquet and in swinging. When dinner was announced it was very welcome to us all, as our appetite was sharpened by the bracing air.

Ice cream was kindly given by Mr. Knight, and lemonade by Messrs. Trask and Howe.

After this, games were resumed, and continued nearly all the afternoon. We were just starting to return home when we were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Joslin to their farmhouse to take supper, which was excellent. We are all much indebted to the host and hostess for their courteous hospitality. At a late hour we returned to Worcester.

The picnic was a grand success. About forty deaf-mutes and their friends were present.

I stayed in the city over night, and in the morning went to Westboro, where I spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Sanger.

On Friday I went to Brighton, where I spent many happy hours with Mr. and Mrs. Morton Harrington. In the evening they took Miss Alice Houghton and your correspondent in their carriage to Chestnut Hill Reservoir, in Brookline, which supplies Boston with pure water, from Sudbury River and Farm Pond, in Farmingham. The Hill has magnificent "driveways," which are thronged with splendid carriages just before sundown.

After this we went to Cambridgeport to see Mr. George Holmes, who was much surprised to see us. After about twenty minutes chat, we all returned home at a late hour.

Mr. Trask, of Worcester, has a fine farm of about forty-five acres. He is getting along very finely, and his crops looked very promising. Great success to him.

I called on Miss Alice Forbes, a young deaf-mute lady, of Sherborn, Mass., lately. She has been greatly improved in her articulation. She expects to go to the Sawin Academy in that town, next Fall.

Messrs. Harrington and Wellington showed us the inside of a magnificent Drawing Room Car belonging to the directors of the Boston and Albany Railroad. It cost \$13,700. The directors are preparing to start for California for their pleasure trip.

I regretted very much I was unable to be present at the picnic at Willowdale, Lowell, on the 21st inst. I hope it was a grand success.

The Worthies of the "Journal."

Spirit of this ancient paper, all hail!
Thou who guards the JOURNAL, do not fail
To aid me in my self-appointed task;
And, mighty spirit, this I do beseech—
Hover around me with thy dewy wings,
And O, inspire thy poet as he sings!

Have we a bard? Aye, one of whom we're proud,
Whose name is known to the vulgar crowd,
But in that little coterie select
Who call him "Morrison," their own Elect—
The whispered Holmes is envious of her fame,
And Lowell and Whittier tremble at her name.

Her poet-spirit is so sensitive
She will not let a mewling kitten live.
The poultry tribe are envious of her "lays,"
And shall she then refuse our meed of praise?
But was belted lives, fated, luckless night,
Who meets her when "gems" burneth bright—
For if she seize you then, the torture dread
She fastens on you till she reads you dead.

But while we speak of poets, there is one—
Pardon, O mine, that even thus in fun
Humorous should be called poet by me;
Where in the world is such a bard as he?
Who rivals Shakespeare in the art divine,
Lured by Apollo and the bounteous Nine,
Who mingles "We, Us & Co." sure
Is L. D. W., R. P., or C. M. R.?"

But art thou not aware, O mighty "Str."
Thy feet are large, thy verse one constant jar?
We drop a hint (do not be angry, pray!)
Go, search your dictionary day by day.
Study your grammar, books of various kinds;
Read "Tupper" and "Watts" Hymns for Infants
Minds.
Do what you please, carouse until you're gray,
And be religious in your own sweet way,
But stung with pain thy verses caused, we cry,
"Write no more doggerel or thou shalt die!"

Immortal "LESTER M.!" long may you live to reign
Within old Kendall's classic fane;
Long may the Press and Pencil hail thee chief,
And may thy pious schemes ne'er come to grief.
There, while ignoble income rises 'round,
Still may your head with the laurel wreath be crown'd.
Still may you give your little Senate laws,
And listen to your satellites' applause!

And can we now forget thee "COLUMBUS," (O, Barney)
Would-be successor of the great Dennis Kearney?
To be an orator is thy delight,
To speak, to shout, whether for wrong or right;
And with thy tedious, noisy eloquence,
Would quickly drive all but the deaf ones hence,
How dost thou strut and fume, defy and rave,
Rivalling King Æolus in his windy cave!
No one can attend a speech of thine and live—
"Give us a rest!" we cry, "O'gize!"

No palm for thee, "MERCURY," no gilded crown;
In silence, thou liv'st for others. No renown.
A life too fair for fame; too deep to catch the feeble breeze
Of idle praise men blow about; forgotten not by these
Who love thyself better than renown!

These are not all our worthies, there are more,
If space forbade not, we could name a score;
But one more would we call—the Man of Brass—
The Polymath of the Ohio class.
(By whom, of course, we mean "CHIEF WEATHERFORD.")
Vale et Vale—for our task is o'er.
We, Us & Co.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, July 10, 1880.

*Pedes Poetici.

THE N. E. G. A.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My mute papers for the last month have just come to hand, and in looking over them, I see that considerable is said about the New England Gallaudet Association's Convention, *pro* and *con*. Now I have no wish to enter into a discussion with any one in regard to it, but would like to give my opinion, judging solely from the various articles that have been published from time to time. Considerable fault has been found because no convention has been held for the past four years. I am not aware of how the by-laws may stand on that point, but it is well known that the past four or five years have been hard years in a money point of view for us mutes; we have, as a general rule, found it hard to make both ends meet at the close of the year. This may be the principal reason why no convention was held two years ago. Whether I am right or not, the report of the officers alone can tell. Let us wait patiently, and from my own knowledge of the majority of the officers, I am positive that a full and satisfactory explanation will be made at the business meeting. Chase, of Florida, says that the board of affairs are out of office, or words to that effect. He must have little or no knowledge of legal matters not to know that the law in regard to associations stand in most of the New England States; that in case of no election being held at the proper time, the old board could hold over and exercise their usual functions, and that their acts would be legal until another election was held.

He (Chase), is right in what he says in regard to the Constitution and by-laws, they need revising and alteration even if a new constitution is not necessary.

The old Constitution did very well in its day, and is a credit to those who drafted it. But they should not forget that the world is moving onward, and that the younger generation are growing up to take their place, as well as that the provisions of the old Constitution is not sufficiently liberal to suit this generation.

But the principal subject of discussion seems to be the legacy of Miss Morrison, and each one of us mutes ask, what shall be done with that \$500 and interest? Why should it not be invested in some secure manner, so that the interest could be of benefit to one and all of us. No better use could be found than to devote the interest of the \$500 towards paying part of the expenses of the convention.

Or let the interest be devoted to religious uses as may be determined by a vote of the majority. However, it should not be given to any one society or Denomination. T. Brown in his letter to the JOURNAL, "says that the legacy came from New Hampshire." And suppose it did, are we to understand that he thinks that no better use could be done with it than to return it to that State? If my memory serves me right, the money was given to the N. E. G. A., for the benefit of that association, or in plain Saxon, for the benefit of all the mutes of New England, and in my opinion, cannot be voted to be returned to that State.

Mr. Brown must remember that however alive he may be to the interests of his own State, and to her mute associations, that there are others

who are equally in earnest that it shall not be given to any one State or society, but that it shall be kept intact for the benefit of us all. Also, that while young men have the highest respect for him and his co-laborers in former days, and for the good that has been accomplished by them, we are not willing to be dictated to, or to be told what we should do, or what we should not do. And that while we are willing to listen to good advice, we are sufficiently able to form our own judgments on all subjects that interest us. He will also remember, that this is simply the expression of one individual of little or no influence, who has formed his opinions from articles that have appeared in the JOURNAL and other papers from time to time. But, I can say that during the past two months I have traveled extensively through Maine, and have met a large number of mutes, who have asked me concerning the matter, and they, after listening to what I have said, have mostly agreed that my view was the correct one. But whatever may be the upshot of the matter, let us not carry to or from the Convention, any hard or bitter feelings towards any one. Let us meet together in brotherly love—yes, and sisterly love, also (for we are led to the slaughter by the weaker sex). Let us meet for a good time, for a reunion of hearts and hands. Let us remember that before another two years shall roll around to call us again to the festive board, that there are some who will greet us at the coming meeting, will have passed away to that "bourne from which no traveler returns."

Therefore let us meet and take for our motto "With malice towards none, with charity to all."

Respectfully yours,

G. E. FISCHER.

WARREN, ME., July 16, 1880.

Louisiana.

The reason why I have not written for your paper often, is because I, as well as my brothers, devote ourselves to cultivating sugar cane, on our place eight miles above Morgan City. We leave here every Monday, to go there, and stay till Saturday. We have a house on it, which of course passes for Bachelor's Hall. The bay on which the house is situated is the most beautiful one, except the Teche, of which many of the readers of the JOURNAL, have heard a great deal. Every traveller, who has seen it, pronounces it the most superb river in the world. Old Senator Cameron, who travelled around the world, and having seen almost every country on the Globe, expressed the same. Hon. Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, immortalized it in his poem, called Evangeline, though he had never been to the section in question. I learned from a lady friend, of mine, as to how the poet did so. There was a talented young fellow, the son of a prominent judge, living at St. Martinsville, who went to Bowdin College, where Prof. Longfellow was an instructor, and became one of his pupils. Upon his leaving the College, to come home, the professor wrote and asked him to send him a minute description of the Bayou Teche country. The young graduate did so, and the Professor composed the poem—Evangeline—which has won him a world-wide fame, besides making the Teche famous, too. I hope many of our silent acquaintances will come and take a look at the country and its bayou, in winter.

How really surprising it is that the health of this country is at present as good as that of New York, and also much more cooler. No sun-stokes here; but New York has had a good many lately.

We live close to the Gulf, and are visited by sea-breezes. All the year, fish and game, oysters, fruits and vegetables, are found in great abundance, and can be had at a very low price. Poor people live comfortably though they do not work hard at all, relying on sweet potatoes and rice. The river gives them fish free, while other people work so hard to earn bread. How different! Money could be made here with much less labor, and fertile lands sell cheap, though they are accessible to railroads and boats running to New Orleans.

We are now building a great railroad to Texas, which will probably help to make New Orleans a formidable rival of New York. The route referred to is being laid through the Teche Country, and the St. Landry and Calcasieu parishes and on to Texas.

Jay Gould has purchased the New Orleans and Pacific Railroad, which runs from New Orleans through Baton Rouge, I believe, to Texas. So you see we have two or three routes to Texas, and perhaps on to Mexico. Congress has, I am glad to note, made liberal appropriations for the South. More than \$10,000,000, and the whole United States will be greatly benefited by improving our rivers etc., in the South.

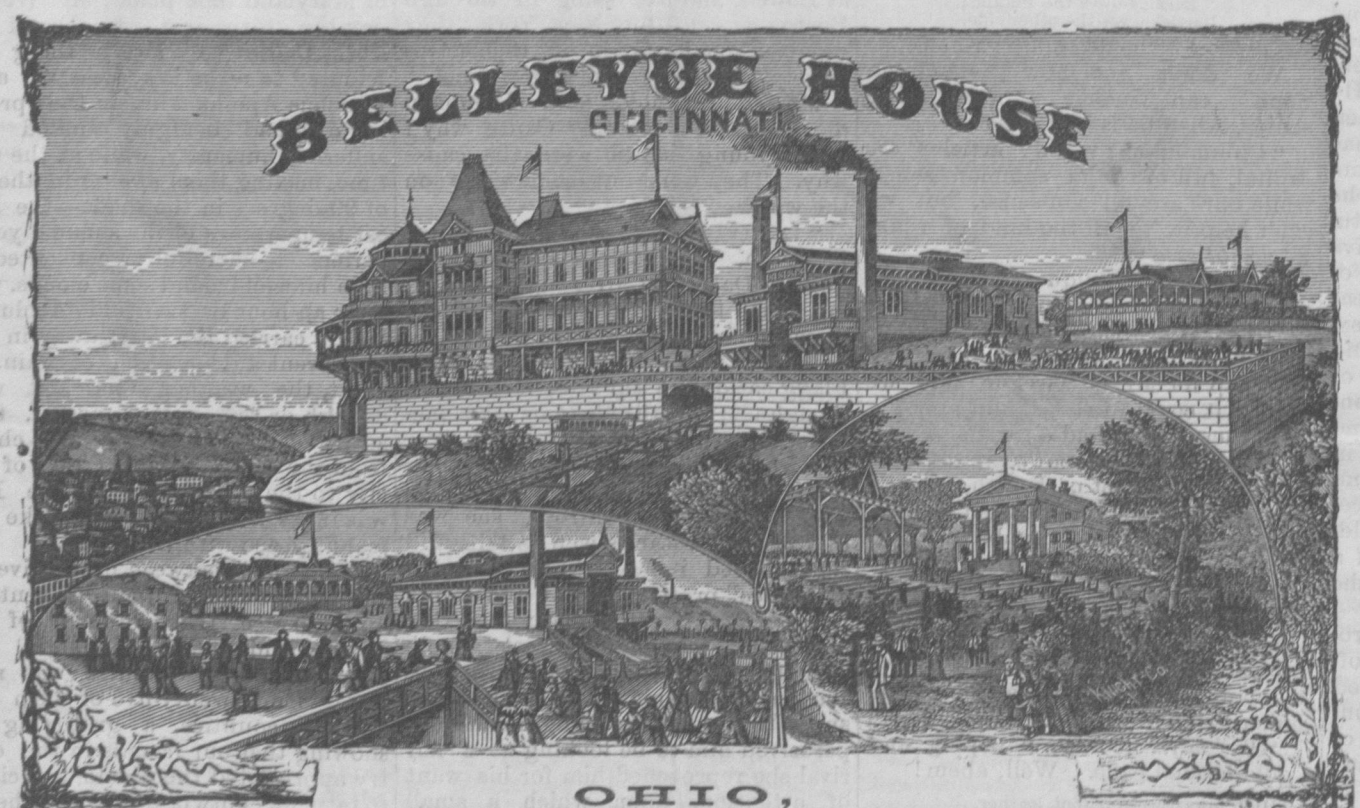
Let me return to Jay Gould. I suppose you have heard of his recent railroad achievements, having purchased, he now controls eight thousand miles of railroad west of the Mississippi, connecting with New Orleans, and he intends establishing several ship lines to Europe.

The Louisiana Legislature have passed many important laws, giving liberal inducements to emigrants and settlers. Homesteads less than \$2000 value are exempt from seizure for debt now. I would urge mute farmers to come here and buy land. Farms can be bought from \$2 an acre and upwards, at the State Land

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE IT IN YOUR HAT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF DEAF-MUTES WILL MEET AT THE



OHIO,

On the 25th of August, 1880.

The following hotels will entertain members of the Convention at the rates named:

Gibson House, Walnut St., bet. 4th & 5th Sts.,	\$2.50 per day.
St. James Hotel, 4th St. bet. Maine and Sycamore,	\$2.00 "
Galt House, Cor. 6th and Main Sts.,	\$1. to \$1.25 "
Reid's Hotel, 4th St. bet. Plum and Race, (without board, 75 cts.),	\$1.50 "
Walnut St. House, between 6th & 7th Sts.	\$1.50 "

These are all centrally located, and within easy access of the hall by street cars.

The Gibson House is a first-class hotel, one of the best in the city.

The St. James Hotel and Walnut St. House are very good ones, the other two are as good as any of their class. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

There are many other hotels, but these are the only ones the Committee have made special arrangements with so far. As soon as other arrangements are made, they will be announced in the JOURNAL.

Any information concerning Hotels, routes, etc., can be obtained by enclosing stamp and addressing R. P. McGregor, 533 E. Rich St., Columbus, O., or J. K. T. Hoagland, 714 Main St., Covington, Ky.

R. P. MCGREGOR,
A. F. WOOD,
J. K. T. HOAGLAND, } Local Committee.

CINCINNATI, O., May 31, 1880.

(Explanation of Cut:—The large building on the left and at top of cliff is the Bellevue House. The next building on the right is the engine house, and below can be seen the inclined Railroad with car ascending. Further to the right and in the distance, is the park or garden where the Deaf-Mute Picnic was held on the 12th of July. Below is a nearer view of the garden, terrace and part of the city.)

Office, in New Orleans. Don't buy and from private parties unless they are reliable, because they can not be trusted. I shall be happy to give any information as to such lands. I am sorry to say there have been false reports told about Calcasieu, Lafayette, and St. Landry Parishes or Covachies. I strongly recommend them as the best section of the Country for mutes to buy lands, though they are open to the world. The health there is by far superior to that of Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia. Of ague and fevers little is known. Stock and egg raising and farming pay handsomely, and the products find a ready market in New Orleans.

My reason for writing on the above subject is that I wish to attract the attention of mute farmers, and those who wish to make money to these wonderful sections. What I have written, is from first to last, true.

Yellow fever has never been known to have visited these counties. It is needless to say that New York, Boston and other cities are as much liable to catch it as New Orleans. The scourge is sure to visit the uncleanly and neglectful; but not the reverse! In New Orleans they have organized an Association to improve the condition of the city, and make it yellow fever proof! No humbug about it.

I have read with interest the accounts and letters in your popular JOURNAL, and I see there have been hard articles written down on Messrs. Vance & Co., for their imprudence in taking upon themselves the trouble of fixing arrangements for the National Convention. By this time I presume they have come to a better sense of mind, and will not to do so again. No use of continuing such feelings against them. I, for one, am willing to overlook their error.

How and where is "Rambling Soph?" I think we will be able to go to Cincinnati, if we can get through our work here. Excuse the length of the article. With our good wishes for the success of your paper.

R. B. L.

MORGAN CITY, July 13, '80.

From East Saginaw.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING—A PECULIAR FREAK OF A BOLT—REPLY TO JOHN N. LOWRY, OF SOUTH SAGINAW—INTERESTING NEWS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The weather continues extremely hot, with frequent thunder showers. A small lot of hay is yet to be harvested in this section, and the wheat harvest has only fairly commenced. In many places large fields of the latter are down, while others that are ready to be cut, cannot be touched, owing to the almost daily heavy rains, which

also prevent the taking care of that which is already cut.

During the past few days, lightning has done considerable damage throughout the County. Early Tuesday morning, July 13th, this vicinity was visited by a severe thunder storm, the constant roll of thunder, and the incessant play of the lightning waking not a few persons from their slumbers, and causing many a cheek to grow pale with fear. At about five o'clock, when the storm was at its height, a streak of lightning struck one of the corner ornaments on the belfry of St. Joseph's (Catholic) Church, in this city, shivering it to atoms. From there the lightning passed down the interior of the building, tearing things in its way, until the large and costly memorial window over the choir gallery was reached, in which one of the large lights was ruined. The work of the other part of the bolt was of a peculiar nature. It will probably cost between \$200 and \$300 to repair the damage done.

At about the same time a small pile of hay lying in a field, adjacent to the Buena Vista School House, on the outskirts of the city, was struck by a shaft of lightning, and entirely consumed.

REPLY TO JOHN N. LOWRY.

"Seeing in the JOURNAL of the 17th of last June, that Mr. John Brooks wrote saying that I have forty-seven acres of land somewhere in this county. I have no such land, but I have eighty acres in Gaylord, Michigan—J. L."

Oh, John, I want to tell you something, and you must listen to it, and read it carefully. I was told by the shoemaker—the "Boss of Michigan"—that you had forty-seven acres, as stated, but he could not spell the name of the county where your farm was situated, and I thought it was somewhere in this county. Well, you see that it is not the writer's fault. Every article which appears in the JOURNAL from my pen, nearly every month, is true, as far as I can tell, not "slander." John, I guess you know that the shoemaker, of Saginaw City, is innocent of trying to do any wrong. If there are any more explanations required, I will be glad to answer them any time.

Prof. Delos A. Simpson, of Missouri, paid us a visit on July 3d. He had a good chat with the writer. He is now visiting his relatives at Holly, Michigan.

Harry L. Zimmerman, the "Boss" mute composer of the Flint *Globe*, was in the city on the 5th of July, and attended the celebration of the Fourth, at Saginaw City.

It is said that one hundred mutes and other individuals, attended the Convention at Detroit, July 5th. They had a good time.

The "Beauty," who graduated from the Flint Institution last June, was in Detroit, July 5th. She had a seat

at the head of the table in the Hall, and all the mutes who are not married should not keep their eyes closed. Oh, how beautiful she is. If the firm of "Sly & Co." was in Detroit at that time, he would have had a chance to get spoiled.

It is said that the next picnic of the Michigan graduates will be held again in Detroit. The writer thinks that East Saginaw is the best place for the next picnic, as splendid steamers run from this City to Bay City, Bay View, Point Lookout, etc., and the Convention can be held in a leading hall of this city. Will the Committee select East Saginaw for the next picnic instead of Detroit?

Some Canadian mutes were in Detroit on the 5th. It is understood that they enjoyed themselves very much. The Michigan ladies were shocked to see the Canadian mutes chewing tobacco while talking to them, and it was not pleasant to the ladies present.

JOHN BROOKS.

EAST SAGINAW, July 20, 1880.

Chief Weatherford's Scapls.

Cloudy, wind, rain and hail, Saturday, July 10th.
Oat harvesting has commenced.
Corn is very nice and, splendid with its ears.

I would advise Mr. J. C. Barkley not to use such harsh language again, as he did in his letter of June 26th.

"Columbus" in his letter, of July 1st, says that Fred Mettenberger, the Tramp of the Improved Order, proposes to establish another College for Deaf-Mutes. He intends to ask for Congressional aid, and if accepted, call it "The Mute Agricultural College." A man of such a character as he is not wanted for the head of such a college, nor is he wanted to manage it. It is my opinion that if he asks congress to assist him in establishing a college under the name of "Egg and Butter" College, it would be accepted. Oh! Freddie, please for pity's sake keep quiet, and never blow such boastful bubbles, as they are all useless.

I regret to say that I forgot to say in one of my June letters that "Columbus" informed the readers of the JOURNAL that Jacob B. Showalter, of Conroy, O., was elected President of the Clonician Society for the first term. I want to give my opinion as to what I think of his election. It was, no doubt one of the best choices the Society ever made since Col. Sawhill held the position of President. Mr. Showalter is a nice man, inflexible in his resolutions, and will most assuredly help the Society to get along much better than it did. He is as great as James A. Garfield, whom the people speak of as follows:—"He is so good a man, so wise a statesman, and one of the most talented men of the universe." You will excuse me

for contradicting "Columbus," too much, but I think it will not make him cry. He said in his last letter that Julius Pier went to Prospect, July 3d, and there met Charles Duray and Burt Kingsley, whom he takes for "Chief Weatherford." I should not see Mr. Pier, neither did I get any information as to his being there, yet I suppose he saw me, but was afraid to approach me for he thought I was after his scalp. There was no Chas. Duray there.

On the 5th of July, Dianne Furry, of Kent, O., made a flying visit to Marion, but he did not see the Chief.

Fanny Chingle is now working as cook for Philip Dombaugh, in this town. Her wages are beautiful—\$2.50 per week. Stick to it, if you please, Fanny.

I was informed the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Columbus is being repaired. All the schoolrooms painted drab, and the boys' study-room is being re-floored, and a great change is going on there. Wonder what the pupils will say when they re-assemble next September.

CHIEF WEATHERFORD.

MARION, O., July 19, 1880.

Deaf-Mutes at a Picnic.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXCURSION TO ORIENTAL GROVE—SILENT LOVE MAKING.

(New York Herald.)

The oddest excursion crowd that left New York this season to hold a picnic on the shores of Long Island or anywhere else was that of the Manhattan Literary Association of Deaf-Mutes. To the average mind it seems utterly incongruous that a company of people whose ears have no hearing and whose tongues can give forth no speech can realize the idea of a thing in which speech and hearing appear so essential to enjoyment. Yet it is doubtful that any barge full of people to the number of 350 ever left New York and enjoyed themselves more fully and more rationally than the deaf-mutes who compose and cluster around the Manhattan Literary Association. The company was made up of men, women and children of all nationalities, and for the most part, judging from appearances, belonging to the respectable working classes. They were well and comfortably dressed, cheerful and animated, and behaved themselves as if on parade. No stranger to the fact would ever dream, in looking at them from some distance, talking by gestures in groups together, that they were condemned "never to hear the sweet music of speech" or use any speech of their own. The members of the association numbered seventy-five and were officiated by Theodore A. Froehlich, President; John Wilkinson and William Temple, Vice-Presidents; Bernard Clark, Secretary; John P. Jiams, Treasurer, and Solomon Cornelius, sergeant-at-arms. The remainder of the company, also deaf-mutes, over two hundred in number, were friends and relatives of the members and hailed from New York, Boston, New Jersey, Connecticut and Philadelphia. It was the fourth annual picnic and by much the largest of any held thus far. A good many deaf-mute couples were on board with their children, and it was interesting to note now the mothers put their babies to sleep by certain peculiar movements of the facial muscles. Dr. Gallaudet, whose mother was a deaf-mute and whose wife is in the same category, was on board in company with his assistant in St. Ann's Church, Rev. John Chamberlain; Rev. Job Turner, of Richmond, Va., a deaf-mute clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and several others. It appears from Dr. Gallaudet, who is an expert in the language of the dumb, that the French and the Americans have a common sign-language, but that there is a difference between theirs and the German style, and that the Germans have different styles among themselves.

When Klingman's band played the dance music the mutes started out promptly to respond, but it seems they were altogether unable to tell one tune from another. They could simply hear the vibrations in the air and by a great effort of naturally acute imaginations guess the airs tolerably well and dance accordingly.

A PECULIAR SCENE.

The scene on the upper deck of the barge sailing up the Sound was altogether peculiar. Every one seemed to be talking at a fast and furious rate, and yet no sound of words fell upon the ear. The effect upon the stranger in possession of all his senses seemed to be that he was walking in a dream and the forms about him were shadowy and unreal. Fingers and hands waving and snapping without intermission filled the air—lips and eyes moving and heads bending and shaking, but no accompanying articulate notes. But there was intelligence and animation in every eye, and the inarticulate talkers evidently understood all they were saying as if their tongues were in full blast. There were young boys among them gesticulating at each other as if they were about to quarrel, and there were young men and maidens deftly interchanging between themselves on nimble fingers the silent language of love. At first sight it appeared sad to see the young and blooming maidens deprived of the use of speech, but further acquaintance revealed the fact that most of these mute fair ones had a way of talking by signals with young men of speech, upon whom they looked with an eye of favor that was even more eloquent than words.

It is a mistake to suppose that the deaf-mutes of this age have any trouble whatever in communicating their wants and ideas to each other. By their improved system of interchanging thought they actually tap the very root of language and in a few brief motions on the fingers and lips convey whole sentences of meaning. It must be this great command of expression that makes them feel so happy and independent. How much more happier they would feel if they realized the sweet boon they enjoy by their immunity from interviewers. The *Herald* reporter felt for the first time in his life baffled in the pursuit of information. He could make signs enough, but they were of no use, and proved to be only vanity and vexation of spirit.

AT THE GROVE.

When they landed at Oriental Grove, Charley Wrede, who keeps the hotel at the place, had no idea of the peculiar character of the visitors he was receiving, and thought the whole thing was a "put up job." A dozen or more men calling for beer by smacking their lips and raising imaginary glasses to their mouths was something he had never seen before. He knew by their costume they could not be foreigners just arrived, and he was getting very mad when a man offered him twenty-five cents for a dozen glasses of lager, when an explanation was tendered by an interpreter, and things went along most amicably afterward, the mutes becoming enthusiastic at finding their dinners cost them only fifty cents, instead of seventy-five cents as they had expected. They spread themselves around the grove, and between eating, bathing and dancing, spent a very happy time. On the way home one of the party raised a slight disturbance, and such a snapping of fingers, waving of hands, working of eyes and lips was, perhaps, never seen before. Between eight and nine in the evening the whole crowd, without misadventure, were disembarked at the several landings for home.

Mark Twain on the German Language.

"I went often to look at the collection of curiosities in Heidelberg Castle, and one day surprised the keeper, of it with my German. I spoke entirely in that language. He was greatly interested, and after I had talked awhile he said my German was very rare, possibly an 'unique,' and wanted to add it to his museum. If he had known what it cost me to acquire my art he would also have known that it would break any collector to buy it. * * * Surely there is not another language that is so slipshod and systemless, and so slippery and so elusive to grasp. One is washed about in it, hither and thither, in an almost helpless way, and when at last he thinks he has captured a rule which offers firm ground to take a rest on amid the general rage and turmoil of the parts of speech he turns over the page and reads: 'Let the pupil take careful note of the following exceptions.' He runs his eye down and finds that there are more exceptions to the rule than instances of it. So overboard he goes again to hunt for another Ararat and to find another quicksand. * * * German books are easy enough to read when you hold them before the looking-glass or stand on your head—so as to reverse the construction—but I think that to learn to read and understand a German newspaper is a thing which must always remain an impossibility to a foreigner."

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